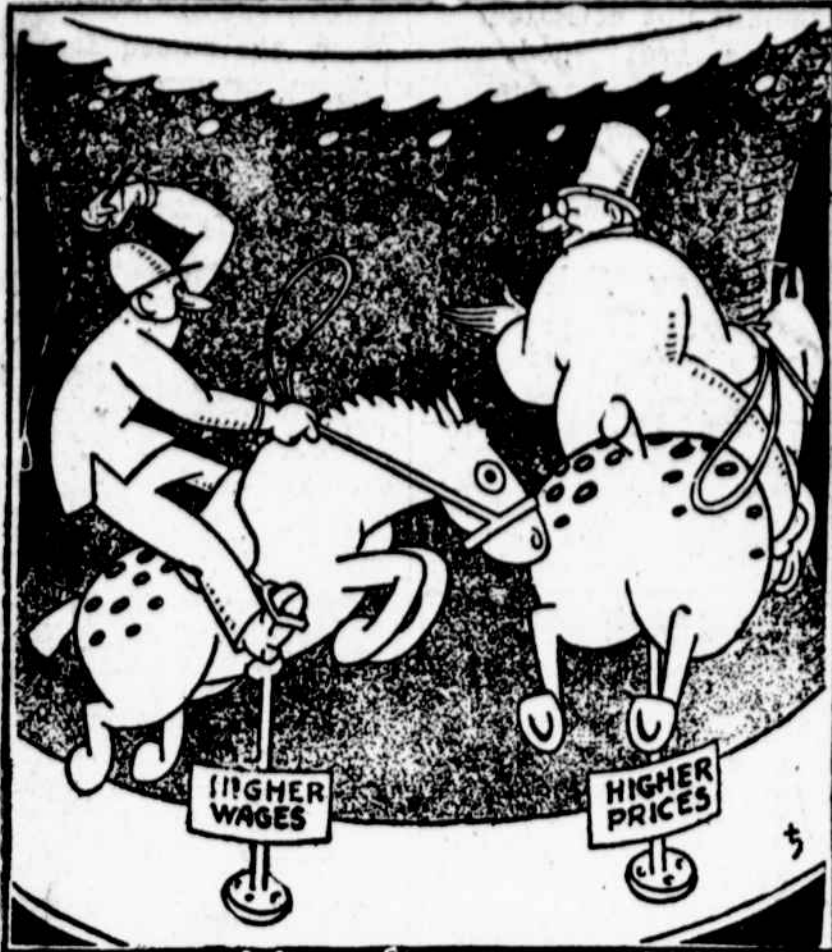


## A Small Picture and a Big Truth

The Gentleman on the Speckled Horse in Front Will STAY in Front.



ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Higher Prices (to Higher Wages)—"Don't fret yourself, my friend, you will never get past me!"—Naggen (Stockholm).

The Swedish artist who made this little picture for the Stockholm paper Naggen said a great deal in a few strokes of his pen.

He shows you the most important race just now, High Wages trying to catch up with that fast old racer, High Prices.

Both horses are moving rapidly, but, as you see in this picture, each horse is nailed to his own particular spot, and however fast the machine may move, you will find High Prices ahead and High Wages behind.

So it has been since the beginning of time, and so it will be, not until the end of TIME, but until the end of a system by which intelligence gets itself on the front horse, giving the second horse and the second place always to work.

Superficially you might say, "What an unjust and horrible arrangement! How atrocious that those who make their money by charging a profit should always be in the lead, whereas poor, honest labor is always behind, always struggling desperately to catch up!"

The fact is that in this arrangement and in this picture, as in everything on earth, you see displayed the wisdom of Providence.

The important thing on earth is that MEN SHOULD WORK. They were put here to work, and thus far in our climb toward civilization necessity is the only lash that can make them go.

Make it too easy for the brain or muscle worker, and he will stop working.

Because men have HAD to work, you have your railroads built and your other roads, your buildings, of glass and steel, in place of the ancient mud huts or holes in the rocks.

You have your deserts irrigated, your swamps drained, your savage continent turned into fertile fields—ALL BECAUSE MEN HAVE BEEN COMPELLED TO WORK.

Take away compulsion, and work will cease until you put emulation in place of competition. That's far off.

Therefore, the race must go on as you see it in this little picture. Prices ahead, wages behind, labor imagining that it is really racing to catch up, whereas wise Providence, which winds up the merry-go-round to which we are all nailed, knows well what it has done.

With prices ahead we keep struggling and trying behind, and that is what was intended. We, like this merry-go-round, are wound up to work.

Incidentally, this shows you, as many other pictures have done, that there is more enlightenment, more quick teaching in a well-made picture than in many columns of reading matter.

## New Hampshire Republicans Want No League in Theirs

The Republican primaries in New Hampshire afforded a clean-cut test of majority sentiment on the League of Nations.

Senator Moses, appealing for renomination, stood pat on his record in the Senate, where he aligned boldly with Messrs. Johnson, Borah, Reed, Knox, Brandegee and the other "irreconcilables."

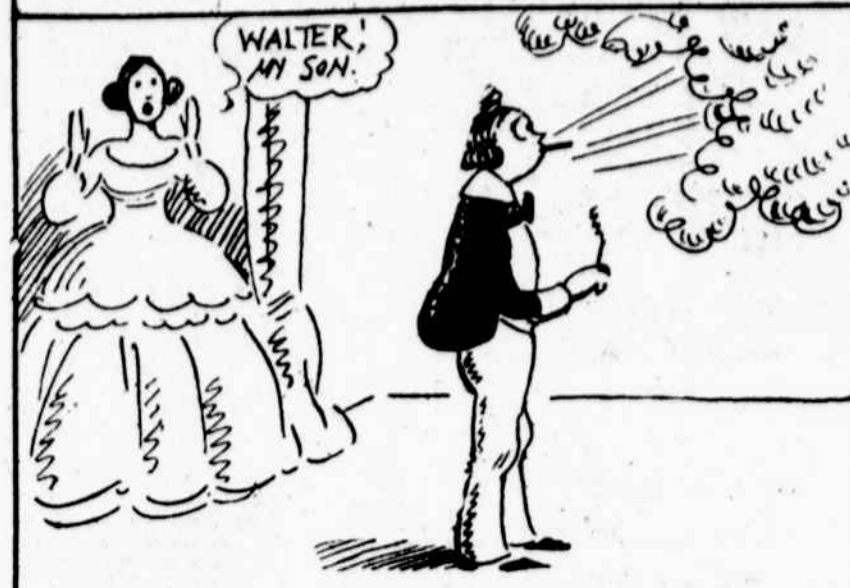
He was against the Versailles League from the first. He believed that it meant embroiling the United States in miserable imperialistic wars in which Americans have no rightful business; that it was framed to put our men and money behind the victors' war spoils; that it meant a blanket mortgage to tyranny, oppression and exploitation; and that no amount of hemming and hawing on our part, in the form of reservations, could remove its curse.

So believing, he took his stand. His constituents read the Hearst newspapers. They have renominated him handsomely, in spite of the fact that he had opposed woman suffrage. They forgave that mistake in view of the soundness of his position on the greater issue.

It is another indication of what is coming in November.

## Twenty Years Ago

By T. E. POWERS



## Beatrice Fairfax ON Happiness

Here is a letter which deserves its place in the sun. It tells its own story. And it's a story which I have been trying to make seem real.

"After reading your article on 'Trying to Please Men' I decided to write to you and tell you how I agree with you in everything that you have said in that article.

"Since I was seventeen I have worked and supported myself, and during that time I lived in furnished rooms, because I lost my parents when I was very young. I had no home, but I tried to keep myself above reproach. I have had my temptations and my so-called chances, but I always depended upon the good Lord for encouragement and He has never failed me. Not once, nor twice, but many, many times have I seen myself left home in my little room, while countless other girls had what they called 'good times'.

"I didn't dress up to the minute, nor make up, and sometimes I wondered if it were worth while to 'play the game' the way I was trying to.

"In the Winter of 1919 I met a young man then in Uncle Sam's naval service. I liked him, but I knew that he took out girls of very questionable reputations. But I continued to be friendly. I thought perhaps he had never known any really good girls, and I was right. "When he was released from service he came to me. He had noticed the difference. He gave up his other acquaintances. That Christmas he gave me a pretty little diamond ring. In January we were married. Now I have a very attractive home near where he is employed. When my husband gets his bonus we are planning to start to buy our own home.

"And last but not least of our happiness is the fact that the angels are going to send us a gift straight from heaven in November.

"Very often, when I sit and sew on tiny, snow-white garments, and my husband is beside me in the evening, reading from his newspaper, I think of my early struggles and I realize how small they are compared to my present happiness.

"And so I want to tell all the real girls that read your paper, to stay real. By no means should they envy their showy, tawdry sisters. They should pity them because of all the happiness—true happiness—they are missing. I feel there is only one reward for a real girl, and that is the one I have received.

"It seems to me that the type of man who habitually takes out the other sort of girl—it is just as well not to know.

"There are many men that do appreciate goodness when they see it. It is their friendship that a real girl wants, and it is only a question of time when she will get it. I. A. B."

A simple bit of testimony this. But it tells the story. The things that last aren't won in a moment's wildness. The big basic joys of life don't come in response to the cheap lures. The fine response on which love and happiness and devotion are built can't be won except by deep, fine feelings. All our better-skitter mad pursuit

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP Registered U. S. Patent Office By K. C. B.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 4.  
Dear K. C. B.—My mistress and I have read your interesting verses constantly for months, yet never had the desire to write you until now. Perhaps you can save somebody's life and soul if you think my little, true story worth while.

Up in New Hampshire, in a small town, my master died—killed suddenly—strong, healthy and everything to live for. We had been pals for fourteen years. I am old and feeble and stone deaf. After they carried him upstairs I saw him no more.

That was three weeks ago. I lay at the foot of the stairs night and day looking up, waiting. My mistress is in ill health and heart-broken. My fate lies with hers. Perhaps you can help. Tell them a story shot because I am old and whine for my master. Tell them a story and perhaps it may often their hearts. "SPORTY."

P. S.—I enclose my photograph.

DEAR "SPORTY"  
IT DOESN'T seem.  
TO BE quite fair.  
THAT WHEN a dog.  
HAS GIVEN his days.  
TO COMRADESHIP.  
WITH ONE he loves.  
AND WHEN nights came.  
HAS LAIN on guard.  
WITH EARS attuned.  
TO PROWLING sound.  
THAT IN the end.  
WHEN EYES are dim.  
AND EARS are dulled.  
AND JOINTS grown stiff.  
HE SHOULD be killed.  
IT ISN'T fair.  
YET I, myself.  
HAVE DONE this thing.  
AND HAVE believed.  
THAT MERCY said.  
IT SHOULD be done.

of pleasure today won't give us anything with more lasting quality than a "cob-web wet with morning dew." Such a web is exquisite for a moment—then it is gone. Is a moment enough? Or shall we strive for a necklace of moments—a lifetime of sweetness?

Archery Mainstay of Scots.  
Archery in Scotland is as old as the days of William the Lion. The first mention of bows in the statute book occurred in the latter part of the twelfth century. On skill in use of the bow the safety of Scotland had for so long rested, that in the reign of William the Lion an act was passed making it compulsory for every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty to have



## "Bugs" Baer ON One-Man Breweries.

Do you remember the old-fashioned souse who drank, but never kept it in the house?

Well, now it's keeping him in the house.

Commissioner Kramer admits that prohibition enforcement is dead from the waist up and never had any legs. You can't stop a man from buying malt and yeast and rolling his own. The old bar fly is now a cellar rat. The roof garden is a rathskeller.

One-man breweries are popping up like the quills on a frightened porcupine. Each citizen is holding down four jobs: Brewer, look-keeper, bartender and customer.

According to statistics, the last staggerer should have staggered his final stagger a year ago. But the boys are still tumbling around, looking wise, but walking foolish.

The difference between the old days and prohibition is about 50 cents a snifter. It costs more to roll your own, but the headache lasts longer. And the Government isn't selling a single internal revenue stamp on the sub-basement katzenjammers.

Low-license prohibition seems to be a success. There isn't any secrecy about the process. The home-brewing husband inhales a couple scoops of his own poison and immediately the still gets noisy.

The old-time saloons used to close up at midnight and put their customers out on the macrel-waving sidewalk. The boys would dance home. But the home brewer never closes up and goes home because he is there in the first place.

Outside of the oil-can paintings and the mirrors a cellar offers all the comforts of the saloon, and if the brew bum misses the bartender he can put a white apron on the furnace and kiss that good-night.

There is no way for the revenue slickers to stop the one-man breweries, as the signers of the Declaration overlooked the fact that some day America would be dryer than a dyspeptic's toast.

There wasn't so much drinking in the old days, because the big breweries only had two harvests of beer a year. They used to age their tonic for six months.

But the one-man breweries turn out a new crop every three hours.

And still keep about two hours ahead of their output.

Tabby's Ancient Lineage.

It is difficult to trace the origin of the ordinary domesticated cat. There are still wild cats in various parts of the world, and the domestic cats are descendants of the Egyptian domestic cats.

## The New District Commissioner An Able Woman

By BILL PRICE.

Miss MABEL BOARDMAN, if in Washington today, would be immensely flattered over the encomiums passed upon her appointment by President Wilson as District Commissioner, and this public approbation will have as encouragement to her in the beginning of her official duties as an executive of the Nation's Capital.

If there are any who find fault with the appointment it cannot be on the ground that Miss Boardman is not sufficiently identified with the District. She has lived here a long time, has done many fine things for this community and the world, and has demonstrated that she is as brainy and able as any of her sex. For years she was virtually the head of the American Red Cross, and under her regime it was conducted with unparalleled success, accomplishing glorious deeds in all parts of the universe. That Miss Boardman has capable executive abilities and organizing force goes without saying. Her public and personal life have been examples of what a brainy, good woman can do. She has unselfishly and unstintingly devoted herself and her ample wealth to humanity and to good deeds in every direction. She is broad-minded, clear-headed, and tactful. Those who have misgivings as to whether women should be appointed to high executive positions will closely watch her municipal career and will doubtless be disabused of their ideas if she does as well as she has done in other walks.

Politically, the appointment is a shrewd one on the President's part. It will attract attention to the program of the Democrats to give recognition to women in political positions, although she is a Republican. It is exceedingly doubtful if a Republican Senate will have the nerve to refuse confirmation, even if disposed to do so, and the outlook is that the nomination will be cheerfully accepted by the entire Senate. If there is any reluctance in the Senate to confirmation, Miss Boardman will have back of her the influence of WILLIAM H. TAFT, MURRAY CRANE, and many other Republican and Democratic leaders of the nation.

Miss Boardman is going to be a Commissioner for at least three years.

## HEARD AND SEEN

SOME DUCK, THIS.  
British officers were dining with a mandarin at Canton, China. One wished a second helping of a savory stew which he believed was composed of duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he held up his plate to the mandarin, smilingly calling: "Quack! Quack! Quack!" His countenance fell when the mandarin pointed at the dish and responded: "Bow! Wow! Wow!" W. L. H.

SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT.  
First Vamp—"Yes, she was furious about the way the paper reported her marriage."  
Second Vamp—"Did it allude to her age?"  
First Vamp—"It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Vail were married, and that the latter was a well-known collector of antiques." W. L. H.

The Heard and Seen Club is to have a cakie's jubilee and beauty contest for girls at Pythian Temple, 9th St., Tuesday night, with Atlantic City music. JOE BROWN, who is president of the club, will give an exhibition dance, while LEON COHEN, ALFRED SCOGNA and other officers and members will aid in the interesting program.

How's this for freak spelling: STRICKLEY FRESH EGGS? The sign appeared in the window of a grocery store on Park road. Evidently the painter had a suspicion something was wrong, for in the other window he put this one: STRICKLEY FRISH EGGS. The same store had this new spelling for "chicken" a short time ago: FRESHLEY KILED SCHECKENS. J. S. E.

A modern man isn't looking for a wife who can make her jelly, but one who can make her shimmy shake. B. D.

HER NEXT MAYOR.  
CAP. JORDAN will be elected mayor of Clarendon, Va. Why shouldn't he? The women are voting, and it is reported that he has collected a slush fund of lipsticks, rouge, powder, kalamint, etc., that will stagger national politics. CANDIDATE.

Too much credit cannot be given J. L. KIDWELL, leader of the Boy Scout Band. Under him and Mr. WAGNER they have been doing wonderful work. AN ADMIRER.

SHE HITS BACK.  
Men talk lots about the way women dress. I saw a nice looking young man on Ninth street, that route and vulgarly must go hand in hand. It is not so. "WILD ROSE," another girl contributor, vows that if a "girl" does not put her lips and cheeks these days the fellows pay no attention to her whatever."

Before the Tidal Beach closes I want to express appreciation of the heroic work done by LAY PRICE and BOB LAMBERTON in furnishing hot dogs. PLATO II.

THE N. G. ENCAMPMENT.  
At the recent Camp Lee encampment of the D. C. National Guard, one boy got 14 love letters in 15 days.

We loved one fat fellow. He was a cook. TRIPP was a mess sergeant. The band was a loud outfit. HANAHAN did it.

BUCK PRIVATE.  
On the window of a tailor shop near Washington Circle.

A SOBER.  
Merchant Tailor.  
Why not, these days? A. D. G.



"Old Dutch Cleanser," by LENA H. J.

PAINTS AND POWDERS.  
Signing herself "BILLY," a clever girl writer deprecates the idea that a girl can not use rouge without being regarded by some as immodest. She adroitly points out that there are bad eggs who never use the powder puff, and that, after all, respectability is a question of the individual and not the way she dresses or makes use of cosmetics.

"BILLY" shows how a little powder helps in many ways to improve the appearance. Even the lipstick has its uses, being nothing more than "an extra fine cream." It takes away, she says, "the dried, chapped look, and keeps the lips soft."

She concludes: "And, boys, throw away the unjust idea that rouge and vulgarity must go hand in hand. It is not so."

"WILD ROSE," another girl contributor, vows that if a "girl" does not put her lips and cheeks these days the fellows pay no attention to her whatever."

Before the Tidal Beach closes I want to express appreciation of the heroic work done by LAY PRICE and BOB LAMBERTON in furnishing hot dogs. PLATO II.

THE N. G. ENCAMPMENT.  
At the recent Camp Lee encampment of the D. C. National Guard, one boy got 14 love letters in 15 days.

We loved one fat fellow. He was a cook. TRIPP was a mess sergeant. The band was a loud outfit. HANAHAN did it.